Painter, Hockney
walks around chair--casing the job, right?--sketches it from various viewpoints, superimposes them, floor-boards too, a compounding of angles, still a chair, someone's fancy of it, but besides the yahoos piping their 6-year olds could do as well, from whence can the incarcerating hatred spring among the others, the puke-inducing beginning-middle-end "focus" mob, their scorn as easily earned: we must go past such bounders and grounds, further than Hockney, for example, and they'll still have a word for us-- fortunate product of education, and their certainties will delay our execution...so much that we might die beforehand (unless we get just too confound confounding, which is a good thing for most of us, but especially dealers in slanted words, the easiest to apprehend).